

Upcoming Events

Dance: Spring Dance Tea	3/26	University Dance Theatre	3:30 PM
UAM: Gallery Talk: Focus on Fiber: A Conversation with Amy Clarke Moore	3/26	University Art Museum	4 PM
Contemporary Artist Music Series: EleMeNoP	3/26	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 PM
Hatton: Opening Reception: <i>Designs and Images</i>	3/27	Hatton Gallery	5 PM
Ralph Opera Center: <i>Cendrillon by Massenet</i>	3/29, 4/4, 4/5	Griffin Concert Hall	7:30 PM
Ralph Opera Center: <i>Cendrillon by Massenet</i>	3/30	Griffin Concert Hall	2 PM
Music: Virtuoso Series Concert: CSU Faculty Wesley Ferreira, Clarinet	3/31	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 PM
Creative Writing Reading Series: Crow-Tremblay Alumni Reading	4/3	University Art Museum	7:30 p.m.
Music: Trombone Choir Concert	4/3	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 PM
Dance: Spring Dance Concert	4/4, 4/5	University Dance Theatre	8 PM
Dance: Spring Dance Concert	4/5	University Dance Theatre	2 PM

event calendar • e-newsletter registration

www.uca.colostate.edu

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www.CSUArtsTickets.com



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Meet Me at the UCA

Virtuoso Series Concert

Ferreira and Friends

Copper Ferreira, Clarinet

David McArthur, Piano

with

Susan Hochmiller, soprano

John McGuire, horn

Margaret Miller, viola

Michelle Stanley, flute

March 24, 2014

7:30 P.M.

Organ Recital Hall

Sechs deutsche Lieder

Louis Spohr (1784-1859)

Sei still mein Herz

Zwiegesang

Sehnsucht

Wiegenlied

Das heimliche Lied

Wach auf

with Susan Hochmiller

Suite

Alec Wilder (1907-1980)

1. Allegro Moderato

2. ♩ = 78

3. ♩ = 72

4. ♩ = 144

with John McGuire

Intermission

Trio , K. 498 (“Kegelstatt”)

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Andante

Menuetto

Rondeaux: Allegretto

with Margaret Miller

Barn Dances

Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

Forward Six and Fall Back Eight

Divide the Ring

Varsouvianna

Rattlesnake Twist

with Michelle Stanley

Biographies

Clarinetist **Copper Ferreira** has enjoyed a professional career that has taken her across North America and overseas. She completed her undergraduate degree at Brevard College (NC), under the tutelage of David Kirby where she attended the prestigious Brevard Music Center in 2002. In 2005, Copper completed a Masters in Clarinet Performance at Arizona State University under Dr. Bob Spring, after which she made her international debut at the Xi’an International Clarinet and Saxophone festival in Xi’an, China. She also finished a Masters in Music Theory at the University of Western Ontario, where she began her research into the influence of music theory on performance.

While in Canada, Copper served as principal clarinet with the Stratford Civic Orchestra, the Charlottetown Festival Orchestra, second and bass clarinetist with Symphony New Brunswick, Symphony Nova Scotia, and the Prince Edward Island Symphony. She also held a teaching position at Mount Allison University, teaching music theory and studio clarinet. Since relocating to Colorado in 2011, she has performed with the Fort Collins Symphony, Greeley Philharmonic, Colorado Ballet and is currently the utility clarinetist for the Wyoming Symphony.

Copper is currently on faculty at Colorado State University, teaching music theory, while also maintaining a thriving private studio.

David McArthur completed the Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Piano Performance at the University of Colorado-Boulder, where he was a student of Doris Lehnert, herself a pupil of the legendary Rosina Lhévinne. He has also coached with internationally renowned teachers such as Boris Berman, Logan Skelton, Ian Hobson, and Elizabeth and Eugene Pridonoff, among others.

An avid performer, Dr. McArthur has concertized throughout the U.S., as well as internationally - in Bulgaria, Italy, and the Czech Republic. He has collaborated with various regional chamber groups, as well as with the Fort Collins Symphony, Cheyenne Symphony, and Opera Fort Collins. In addition, he frequently performs as part of the award-winning Mintcheva/McArthur piano duo with his wife, Miroslava Mintcheva. The duo received 3rd prize at the U.S. International Duo Piano Competition, and was invited to perform as one of four finalists in the 2013 Ellis-Duo Piano National Competition.

In addition to performing, Dr. McArthur has been teaching piano and theory since 1999, both at the university level and privately. In 2007, he was honored as the winner of the prestigious Music Teachers National Association Studio Teacher Fellowship Award. The award recognizes one individual out of a national pool of applicants, for their superior teaching and performance skills, and for their commitment to the teaching profession.

Dr. McArthur specializes in the research and performance of 20th-century piano repertoire, with a special focus on religious symbolism exhibited in the works of Olivier Messiaën and William Bolcom. He has presented lecture-recitals at numerous conventions, including the 2012/2013 CSM-TA Conferences in Northglenn and Fort Collins, CO, the 2011 National CMS Conference in Richmond, VA, and 2011 Rocky Mountain Regional CMS Conference in Denver, CO. Dr. McArthur currently serves on the faculty of Colorado State University, where he is Director of Music for the Ballet Division. He is also Music Director at First Baptist Church in Loveland, Colorado.

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Translations

Wach auf	Awaken!
Was stehst du lange und sinnest nach? Ach schon so lange ist Liebe wach! Hörst du das Klingen allüberall? Die Vöglein singen mit süßem Schall.	Why do you stand there brooding so long? Ah, so long does love stay awake! Do you hear the ringing all around? The birds are singing with such sweet sounds.
Aus Starrem sprießet baumblättlein weich, Das Leben fließet um Ast und Zweig. Das Tröpflein schlüpfet aus Waldesschacht, Das Bächlein hüpfet mit Wallungsmacht.	Soft leaves are sprouting from the rigid branches, Life is flowing through bough and twig. Little drops are gliding from the forest hollows, The brook leaps with abundant strength.
Der Himmel neiget in's Wellenklar, Die Bläue zeigt sich wunderbar. Ein heit'res zu Form und Klang, Ein ew'ges Fügen im ew'gen Drang!	The heavens bow towards the clear waves, The blueness is wondrously revealed, A bright flourish of shape and sound, An endless yielding to endless impulse.
Was stehst du lange und sinnest nach? Ach! schon so lange ist Liebe wach.	Why do you stand there brooding so long? Ah, so long does love stay awake!

Sei still mein Herz

Ich wahrte die Hoffnung tief in der Brust,
Die sich ihr vertrauend erschlossen,
Mir strahlten die Augen voll Lebenslust,
Wenn mich ihre Zauber umflossen,
Wenn ich ihrer schmeichelnden Stimme gelauscht,
Im Wettersturm ist ihr Echo verrauscht,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Die Erde lag vor mir im Frühlingstraum,
Den Licht und Wärme durchglühete,
Und wonnetrunken durchwallt ich den Raum,
Der Brust entsproßte die Blüte,
Der Liebe Lenz war in mir erwacht,
Mich durch rieselt Frost, in der Seele ist Nacht.
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Ich baute von Blumen und Sonnenglanz
Eine Brücke mir durch das Leben,
Auf der ich wandelnd im Lorbeerkranz
Mich geweiht dem hochedelsten Streben,
Der Menschen Dank war mein schönster Lohn,
Laut auf lacht die Menge mit frechem Hohn,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Zweigesang

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein saß
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.

Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh',
Sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,
Und weithin klang Der Zwiegesang
Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.

Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?

Von Frühlingssonne das Vögelein,
Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.
Wie der Gesang zum Herzen drang,
[Vergess']² ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

Be still, my heart

I once harbored hope deep in my breast
Which, trusting, unlocked to her;
My eyes were radiant with joie de vivre
While her magic encircled me.
But when I harkened to her beguiling voice
The echo died away in the storm.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

Earth lay before me in a spring dream
Suffused with warmth and light,
And drunk with joy I wafted through space,
Blossoms burst forth from my breast;
Love's springtime awakened in me.
Now frost shudders through me; in my soul it is night.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

Out of sunshine and flowers I built myself
A bridge through life
Passing over which, laurel-crowned,
I devoted myself to the noblest of strivings.
Man's gratitude was my finest reward;
The crowd laughs aloud now with impudent scorn.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

In a lilac bush sat a little bird

In a lilac bush sat a little bird
In the quiet, lovely May night,
Below in the high grass sat a girl
In the quiet, lovely May night.

The girl sang: if only the bird would be quiet,
The bird sang: if only the girl would listen,
And far and away rang their duet
The length of the moonlit valley.

What was the bird singing in the branches
Throughout that quiet, lovely May night?
And what, too, was the young girl singing
Throughout that quiet, lovely May night?

Of spring sunshine sang the little bird,
Of love's delight sang the young girl
How that song pierced my heart
I shall never forget my whole life long.

Sehnsucht

Ich blick' in mein Herz und ich blick' in die Welt,
Bis vom schwimmenden Auge die Träne mir fällt,
Wohl leuchtet die Ferne mit goldenem Licht,
Doch hält mich der Nord, ich erreiche sie nicht.
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

Ich weiß ein Land, wo aus sonnigem Grün,
Um versunkene Tempel die Trauben glühn,
Wo die purpurne Woge das Ufer beschäumt,
Und von kommenden Sängern der Lorbeer träumt.
Fern lockt es und winkt dem verlangenden Sinn,
Und ich kann nicht hin!

O hätt' ich Flügel, durch's Blau der Luft
Wie wollt' ich baden im Sonnenduft!
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf Stund entflieht --
Vertraure die Jugend, begrabe das Lied! --
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit, so flüchtig die Zeit.

Wiegenlied

Alles still in süßer Ruh,
Drum mein Kind, so schlaf auch du.
Draußen säuselt nur der Wind,
Su, su, su, schlaf ein mein Kind!

[Schließ du]¹ deine Äugelein,
Laß sie wie zwei Knospen sein.
Morgen wenn die Sonn' erglüht,
Sind sie wie die Blum' erblüht.

Und die Blümlein schau ich an,
Und die Äuglein küß ich dann,
Und der Mutter Herz vergißt,
Daß es draußen Frühling ist.

Longing

I look in my heart and I look at the world
Till out of my [burning]¹ eyes a tear falls.
Though the distance glows with golden light,
The north wind tells me I shall not reach it.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world,
And how fleeting is time!

I know a land where in sun-filled greenery
Grapes gleam among sunken temples,
Where the purple wave covers the shore with foam
And laurels dream of singers to come.
It lures from afar and beckons my longing soul,
And I cannot go there!

If I had wings to fly through the blue
How I would wish to bathe in sun's fragrance!
But in vain! Hour flees upon hour;
Pass your youth in mourning, bury your song.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world
And how fleeting is time, how fleeting is time.

All is still in sweet repose

All is still in sweet repose,
Therefore, my child, you, too, must sleep.
Outside is but the rustle of the wind,
Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child.

Close your little eyes,
Let them be two little buds.
Tomorrow when the sun shines,
They will blossom like flowers.

And I gaze at the little flowers,
And I kiss the little eyes,
And a mother's heart forgets
That it is spring outside.

Das heimliche Lied

Es gibt geheime Schmerzen,
Sie klaget nie der Mund,
Getragen tief im Herzen
Sind sie der Welt nicht kund.

Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen,
Das scheuet stets das Licht,
Es gibt verborgne Tränen,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.

Es gibt ein still Versinken
In eine innre Welt,
Wo Friedensauen winken,
Von Sternenglanz erhellt,

Wo auf gefallenen Schranken
Die Seele Himmel baut,
Und jubelnd den Gedanken
Den Lippen anvertraut.

Es gibt ein still Vergehen
In stummen, öden Schmerz,
Und Niemand darf es sehen,
Das schwergepreßte Herz.

Es sagt nicht was ihm fehlet,
Und wenn's im Grame bricht,
Verblutend und zerquälet,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.

Es gibt einen sanften Schlummer,
Wo süßer Frieden weilt,
Wo stille Ruh' den Kummer
Der müden Seele heilt.

Doch gibt's ein schöner Hoffen,
Das Welten überfliegt,
Da wo am Herzen offen
Das Herz voll Liebe liegt.

The secret song

There are secret pains
Whose lament is never tongued;
Borne deep in the heart
They are unknown to the world.

There is a secret longing
That always shies from the light;
There are hidden tears
A stranger does not see.

There is a quiet sinking
Into an inner world
Where peaceful meadows beckon,
Lit by the gleam of stars,

Where, all boundaries fallen,
The soul raises Heaven
And with jubilation
Confides its thoughts to the lips.

There is a quiet passing
Into silent, desolate pain,
And no one is allowed to see
That heavy-pressed heart.

It does not say what it needs,
And though it breaks with grief,
Tortured to death and bleeding,
The stranger does not see it.

There is a gentle slumber
Where sweet peace abides,
Where quiet rest heals the cares
Of the weary soul.

There is yet a lovely hoping
That soars above all worlds,
Where, open to another heart,
The heart lies filled with love.